

I hear as if it were yesterday, when he, after some earnest invocation, some heart felt experience started that good old baptist hymn, "Amen, Amen, my soul replies, I am bound to meet you in the skies." As the congregation joined in the singing the old church reverberated with their song of resolution. After the singing it seemed to me that Heaven was nearer and Christ was dearer than ever before.

There were two occasions, two gatherings in the church, in my early days that are indelibly impressed upon my memory. The first was in the fall of 1860. Lincoln's first campaign. In the early fifties this community was strongly democratic. The agitation of the slavery question throughout the country, the writings and speeches of those that were termed abolitionists. The writings of others, and especially that of Harriet Beecher Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" caused many to forsake that party. The coming into existence of the Republican Party seemingly more adapted to their convictions, caused many as it was termed in those days, "to turn their coats." The leaders here asked those in charge of the campaign to send two speakers to this place. You must remember that at this time this community was devoutly religious. In almost every home the family altar was reared, the family Bible daily read, and prayer offered. The leaders understood this condition and selected the Rev. Charles S. Dunning, the Presbyterian minister at Honesdale, as one of the speakers and he brought with him Stephen D. Ward, a ruling elder of his church. Now think a moment. Here was a Presbyterian minister to speak politics in a close communion Baptist church. The cry, "don't mix politics with religion," was then loud and vociferous. To this meeting for some reason, I do not know what, my father insisted that his oldest son should attend. The church was crowded with men, while the only remark that the Rev. Doctor Dunning made that comes to my memory is this, "We had to come here to blow off or we would need to be hooped or burst." As father and I wended our way homeward upon the lonely mountain road I was firmly convinced that the only man fit to be elected President was Abraham Lincoln, the rail splitter.

The second occasion came some four years and six